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Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

AUG. 1825.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOONS PHASE.
28 Thursday	5 30	6 30	1st
29 Friday	5 31	6 29	2nd
30 Saturday	5 33	6 27	3rd
31 Sunday	5 34	6 25	4th
1 Monday	5 35	6 24	5th
2 Tuesday	5 36	6 24	6th
3 Wednesday	5 37	6 23	7th

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

The Natural Bridge is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly 90 feet, its width about 35, its thickness about 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from 220 feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of this bridge as he can of his feeling at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. The stream is called Cedar Creek. The visitor here sees trees under the arch, whose height is seventy feet, and yet to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of height but they here see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting abundance, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed that none but Almighty God could build such a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below is pleasing as the top is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact, that when I stood on the bridge, and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under the beautiful arch we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet, and carved his own name where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names, have engraved their deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert their high in the book of fame.

A few years since a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life, in the attempt. After much fatigue he climbed up as high as possible, but the person that had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had

placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and, in the soft lime-stone, began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty, he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short: for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon the rugged rocks beneath him. There was no house near from which his companions could get assistance. He could not remain in this condition, and what was worse his friends were too much frightened, to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below, and dashed into pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plied himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascending with incredible labor. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rock, exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained; and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not forsaken him. His course upwards was rather oblique than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in little less than two hours his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was sometime before he could be recovered.

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and follow, in imagination, this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

THE BARGAIN: MESSRS ADAMS AND CLAY CONVICTED.

(Extracts from Mr. Kentall's publication conclude.)

It is of no avail to say that your letter to Mr. Blair does not mention the office of Secretary of State, or say in so many words that an understanding existed between you and Mr. Adams. The manner in which it was understood and the purpose for which it was written, fully explains its meaning. But if we had to rely on the words of the letter alone for the motive by which you were then actuated, it would be difficult to imagine sentences conveying a more direct inference that you and your friends were actuated with a view to your own personal aggrandizement. Though you and your friends have endeavored to make an impression upon the public mind, that Gen. Jackson's friends appealed to your interest for the purpose of securing your support, it is remarkable, that by this confidential letter it appears, that such appeals, were made only by the friends of Mr. Adams. You represent Gen. Jackson's friends as appealing to you through the hopes of the West, & Mr. Crawford through the hopes of the republican party. They give no assurance of respect & admiration from their respective leaders—no declarations of your fitness for any station—no predictions that

you will in future profit by your course. But the friends of Mr. Adams are all flattery and promise. Scarcely does 'public good' find a place in all they say, and then only that the appeal to 'your own future interests may not be too abrupt.' 'Mr. Adams has always had the greatest respect for you and the highest admiration of your talents; there is no station to which you are not equal.' What does this mean, but that Mr. Adams will know you the first office in his gift? 'You were undoubtedly the second choice of New England.' What does this mean but that New England desires to see you in the second office now, and will support you for the first when Mr. Adams has served out his eight years! 'I pray you to consider, whether the public good and your own future interests, do not distinctly point you to the course you ought to pursue.' What is this, but saying that your future interests will be promoted by supporting Mr. Adams—we will make you Secretary of State and then President?—These appeals touched the sensitive chord and roused in your bosom the fluttering of hope and ambition. You understood them; your friends understood them; they saw how their 'kind wishes' towards you were to be accomplished; they made Mr. Adams President, and he made you Secretary of State.

But you protest that you were governed by the public good alone. I understand you. In your letter to me, dated 16th April, 1820, after detailing the means resorted to by 'every pretender to the Presidency,' to impede your progress, you say:—'Now it may be very good for them to do so; but is it for the good people of the United States?' You think the public good requires that Henry Clay shall be President; and hence in every step taken to secure his elevation, you are governed 'by the public good alone.' Why, sir, no tyrant ever usurped the liberties of a deceived people without finding an apology for his usurpation in his notions of the 'public good.' For the public good, Caesar oppressed the factions which distracted Rome, and with them extinguished Roman liberty; for the public good, Cromwell dispersed his Rump Parliament, and assumed dictatorial powers for the public good, Napoleon overturned the blood bought liberties of France and made himself Emperor. It is not, therefore, surprising, that you should find, in the public good, an apology for violating the will of the people, abandoning the principles of your whole life, and by the patronage, corruption, threats, and violence, seek to make yourself President.

In your letter to me, dated 8th January, 1820, speaking of the Florida treaty, you say, 'At the commencement of the session I do not believe there were ten members who concurred in the recommendation of the President. Even yet I do not believe the numbers to be great. Still, the influence of the executive is almost irresistible, and it is possible it may ultimately persuade a majority to believe that the treaty is binding, and even that it is for our interest to execute it.' At the same time, you and all your friends were denouncing the Secretary's succession as dangerous to liberty. You were then attempting to organize an opposition to Mr. Monroe's administration, for the purpose of beating Mr. Adams in the next contest for the Presidency. In all your efforts you were met only by mortification and defeat. Despairing of being able to storm the citadel of power by the unbiassed suffrages of the people, you determined to make a lodgment on its ramparts, and turn upon the people that 'almost irresistible influence which you could not overcome. You leagued with your old enemy, agreed to enter the fortress with him, to fight under his command, to support and be supported, to pronounce 'dangerous examples' a 'safe precedent,' and by power and patronage make yourselves popular.

It is remarkable that in your letter to Mr. Blair the 'American System,' which has since cut such a conspicuous figure among your reasons for preferring Mr. Adams to Gen. Jackson, is it not so much as mentioned! Not only have you failed to notice this principal ground of defence, since assumed by all our western friends who voted for Mr. Adams, but you have killed dead, not only that, but all their other arguments which you have been at so much trouble and expense to collect and embody in your addresses, by declaring that they were influenced by 'their kind wishes towards you.' What are all the long letters of your Metcalles, your Trimble and your Johnsons worth now? We have your confidential declaration early in January, 1825, not that they had determined to vote for Mr. Adams on account of his friendship for the 'American System,' but to accomplish their 'kind wishes' towards you.

Sir, I have now fully exposed your duplicity and a portion of your intrigues. If I have misrepresented your letter to Mr. Blair, it has been unintentional, and because I could not procure a copy for publication. If I have attributed to it, effects which sprung from other causes, it is easy for you to rectify the error. I am not sure, that I have even yet probed this thing to the bottom. You have copies of Mr. Blair's letters, and he has consented to their publication. Let us have all the correspondence which passed between you during the month of January, 1825. I doubt not, it will give a full and true account of the whole transaction. Call on Mr. Blair to give all this to the public, with all necessary explanations to lay bare the whole truth. I ask no more.

I look upon my former support of you with shame and contrition. I am ashamed that I adhered to you for one moment after you came out in the National Intelligencer, in November, 1822, and declared that Mr. Adams' errors at Ghent were 'no doubt, unintentional,' although you had for months, perhaps years, engaged in disseminating the idea that they were wilful, and of an atrocious character. For lending the slightest agency to effect the coalition between you and Mr. Adams, I sincerely ask pardon of my God and my Country. Next to 'war, pestilence and famine,' are the evils which that disastrous event has brought upon the American people. I know not of which to think the worst, Mr. Adams or yourself. Had both or either of you been good men, you could never have come together. It was the union of ancient enemies, in whose breast mutual distrust and hatred ranked deep. With no bond of union but common interest; with no principle but to get power and keep it; every effort of your administration has been directed to secure the reelection of Mr. Adams, and make you his successor. The public patronage is bestowed with a professed view to political support; the money of the people is used to corrupt them; the streams of public information are poisoned at their fountains; a deadly blow is aimed at the usefulness of the press, by filling the newspapers with known falsehoods, while those which pay any regard to truth, are lied into discredit; mutineers & deserters, infamous rogues and savage murderers, justly executed for their crimes, have been transformed into martyrs; glorious victories bought with American blood, have been pronounced cold blooded massacres; patriotism and self devotion are proscribed; an unspotted life cannot shield even female virtue; and the brightest glories of our history are blotted from its pages. Our public functionaries roam rife mad men through the land, neglecting their public duties, raving at dinners and public meetings, and invoking from heaven, 'war, pestilence and famine,' in preference to the defeat of their ambition. Such are the facts and materials of the administration which

now scourges our country with its whip of scorpions.

I have endeavored, as some atonement for the trifling agency I had in forming it, to expose its misrule and corruption. In doing this, I have incurred hatred, deep and malignant. Sometimes I hear of threats towards my office or my person. I do not regard them. 'What is a public man—what is any man worth, who will not hazard himself for the good of his country?' I will not withhold one truth which may be necessary to cut short the reign of intrigue, necessary to cut short the reign of intrigue, corruption and terror, though I may know that the next hour the bludgeon may be aimed at my head or the dagger at my heart.

If a man who has purchased the Secretaryship of State with his vote and influence, can, with the power and patronage thus acquired, conquer the public will, force a reelection of the President he has made, and secure to himself the succession, then does American liberty exist no longer. We are degraded to the level of the degenerate Romans, when the imperial purple was bought and sold with a sum of money paid to the praetorian legion.

This is the 4th of July. I hear the rolling of the drum and the thunder of the cannon. I see citizen soldiers arranging themselves under their country's banner, to celebrate the birth of American liberty. It is by such men and such means—by the citizen soldier, the musket and the cannon—that liberty was won and must be defended. These thoughts and this scene cheer me with the hope, that in calling to the Presidency the farmer soldier, from the banks of the Cumberland, the people will soon cut short the career of profligacy and corruption, and prove to aspiring politicians, that they are not to be deceived by falsehoods, bought by patronage, nor intimidated by power.

Col. Wm. Polk, of Raleigh, was present as an invited guest at a public dinner in Nashville, Tenn. on the 4th ult. One of the toasts on the occasion was:

Our distinguished guest, Col. Wm. Polk: one of the memorable band of Patriots of the Revolution. May he long live to enjoy the blessings won by their valor.

Col. Polk being called on for a toast, gave the following:

Gen. Andrew Jackson: Nature having made him great, he has made himself good; a politician whose integrity never was suspected; a practical jurist and statesman; a chieftain who has received the plaudits of millions: May he, like his great preceptor, Washington, after retiring from the toils of war to domestic life, be called to fill the first office in the gift of a free people.

A London paper observes of Turkey, 'That by fair fighting, she can repel the march of an invader with 300,000 well trained soldiers to support him, no friend or 'ancient ally' of Turkey seems now to have a serious expectation. The probability is described to be, that the Porte after making a trial of a certain degree of obstinacy, in hopes of other powers interposing to protect her from absolute dismemberment, will strike her flag before a shot is fired, and yield to all demands of Nicholas for indemnity, security, and every other form of concession.'

Considerable excitement was lately occasioned at Washington, in this state, in consequence of the communication of some circumstance calculated to excite a suspicion that some violence was meditated by the slaves against the whites.

Mr. Roberts has been fined \$150 for flogging Mr. Noah, Editor of N. York Enquirer.

The Dengue has appeared at Savannah, Geo.

THE MAIDEN'S ROCK ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A Tale—From Long's Second Expedition.

"There was a time," our guide said, as we passed near the base of the rock, "when this spot, which you now admire for its untenanted beauties, was the scene of one of the most melancholy transactions, that has ever occurred among the Indians. There was, in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapasha, during the time that his father lived, and ruled over them, a young Indian female whose name was Winona, which signifies 'the first born.' She had conceived an attachment for a young hunter who reciprocated it; they had frequently met, and agreed to an union in which all their hopes were centered, but on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself denied, and his claims superceded by those of a warrior of distinction, who had sued for her. The warrior was a general favorite with the nation; he had acquired a name by the services which he had rendered to his village when attacked by the Chippewas; yet notwithstanding all the ardour with which he pressed his suit, and the countenance which he received from her parents and brothers, Winona persisted to preferring the hunter. To the usual commendations of her friends in favour of the warrior she said she had made choice of a man, who, being a professed hunter would spend his life with her, and secure to her comfort and subsistence, while the warrior would be constantly absent, intent upon martial exploits. Winona's expostulations were, however, of no avail; and her parents having succeeded in driving away her lover, began to use harsh measures in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. To all her entreaties, that she should not be forced into an union so repugnant to her feelings, but rather be allowed to live a single life, they turned a deaf ear. Winona had at all times enjoyed a greater share in the affections of her family, and she had been indulged more than is usual with females among Indians. Being a favorite with her brothers they expressed a wish that her consent to this union should be obtained by persuasive means, rather than that she should be compelled to it against her inclination. With a view to remove some of her objections they took means to provide for her future maintenance, and presented to the warrior all that in their simple mode of living an Indian might covet. About that time a party was formed to ascend from the village of Lake Pepin in order to lay in a store of the blue clay which is found upon its banks, and which is used by the Indians as a pigment. Winona and her friends were of the company. It was on the very day that they visited the lake, that her brothers offered their presents to the warrior. Encouraged by these, he again addressed her, but with the same ill success. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, her parents remonstrated in strong language, and even used threats to compel her into obedience—"Well," said Winona, "you will drive me to despair; I said I loved him not, I could not live with him. I wished to remain a maiden, but you will not let me. You say you love me; that you are my father, my brothers, my relations, yet you have driven from me the only man with whom I wished to be united, you have compelled him to withdraw from the village; alone he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him, none to spread his blanket, none to build his lodge, none to wait upon him; yet he was the man of my choice. Is this your love? But even it appears that this is not enough; you would have me rejoice in his absence; you wish me to unite with another man, with one whom I do not love, with whom I never can be happy. Since this is your love, let it be so; but soon you will have neither daughter nor sister, nor relation to torment with your false professions of affection." As she uttered these words, she withdrew and her parents, heedless of her complaints, decreed that that very day Winona should be united to the warrior. While all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way

slowly to the top of the hill, when she had reached the summit, she called out with a loud voice to her friends below; she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover. "You," said she, "were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man whom I had chosen, you endeavored by deceitful words to make me faithless to him; but when you found me resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me, you knew me not if you thought that I could be terrified into obedience, you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs." She then commenced singing her dirge, the light wind which blew at the time, wafted the words towards the spot where her friends were, they immediately rushed, some towards the summit of the hill to stop her, others to the foot of the precipice to receive her in their arms; while all with tears in their eyes, entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose; her father promised no compulsive measures should be resorted to. But she was resolved, and as she concluded the words of her song, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse near her distressed friends. "Thus," added our guide, has this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity; it is still called the Maiden's Rock, and no Indian passes near it, without involuntarily casting his eyes towards the giddy height, to contemplate the place, whence this unfortunate girl fell a victim to the cruelty of her relentless parents.



AGRICULTURE.

(From the Selma Courier.)
SUGAR.

Copy of a letter addressed to Robert R. Harwell Esq. of Jackson Alabama.

Dear Sir,—I returned last night from Attakapas, after an absence since early in May last, west of the Mississippi, for Arkansas and Louisiana. Having passed some time at the house of a friend and relative in Attakapas, I had the best opportunity of seeing the process of manufacturing sugar, and the cultivation of the cane, and was much delighted with it. Those who are engaged in this business are thriving, and the value of their lands constantly improving. In confirmation of this, there have been in Attakapas three hundred additional sugar works erected. From those circumstances, I determined to advise my friends and acquaintances, and endeavour to urge them to the culture of the sugar cane, and that without delay. Had I not heard you were from home I should have called on you to-day. As you have fine lands for the business, I am sure you will profit by information on the subject. It is only necessary to have correct information, to induce every one living south of latitude 33, who have good lands, or who can get them, to make sugar. The business is healthy, the labour far less than in the cotton crop, and can be as easily cultivated as corn after it is planted. The crop is finished early in June, like corn, and you have leisure during the heat of summer, and till October or November, when they begin to cut, grind and boil. This last takes four weeks or more, and is viewed rather as a frolic desired by the hands than dreaded. There is a great error in the public opinion, where they are unacquainted, that it takes a large capital and a great number of hands to make sugar. A man last season in Lafourche, with the assistance of two little sons, ten and eleven years of age, and a negro girl about the same age, made sugar which he sold for \$2250, clear of all expenses; but, as is customary, there are some help to cut, grind and boil, (which has to be carried on all at once, to keep the juice from souring,) and the molasses more than paid expenses. The same man made the rollers, to grind, of live oak, and his whole expense, besides the kettles, did not exceed thirty dollars.

Two brothers, this season, in Attakapas, with their own labour, (being opposed to slave labour,) made 20 acres of creole cane, which will make 36 or 40 hogheads of sugar. They were entirely self-grinding when I left here, and I understand they will overpay for help to harvest with the molasses. Their profit will amount at least \$2500. But these are particular cases: one hand can and does extraordinary cases, cultivate four acres with ease beside corn and other necessities. One acre of good creole cane will make two hogheads of sugar of 1000 lbs. each, which at 7 cents per lb. is worth \$140. Four acres 8000 lbs.—\$660 dollars. From the last information I could get, 500 dollars to the hand is the common price. As to the success of the cane this part is beyond doubt. I saw cane of three kinds, viz: the Ribband, the Creole, and the Owhyhee, well matured in Sept., at Judge Bry's, in Onachita, in latitude 32° 30'. It has matured, wherever tried, south of latitude 33°, from South Carolina to Louisiana. Since at this place I have seen a fair sample of the ribband cane on the farm of Samuel B. Shields, Esq. on the bank of the Tombigbee, within fifty paces of the federal road from Washington to New Orleans. The seed or stalk, from which this cane grew Mr. Shields tells me were sent to him by his now deceased brother, Thomas Shields, from New Orleans. There were three flour barrels of the slips of the seed cane. It was planted on the 15th of March last—from misinformation too shallow and too thick, or close. The ground was cleared in 1812, and never manured; was broken up and planted in drills, cane laid laterally; after planting it was not ploughed but chopped over twice. The cane was sufficiently matured to cut early in November. Mr. Shields tells me he has counted and cut as many as fourteen joint, stalks from one single eye, or and from ten to eighteen joints on each stalk. From the product of this little spot, he has planted a least two acres. From the uncommonly warm weather, it is now coming up; that is, sprouts from the stubble, or *rattion*, as the sugar planters call it. I have seen a few stalks of this cane, that are within a few paces from whence I write, which were left standing to see the effect which frost might have on it, and to give to friends. I have examined it closely and believe it equal to any ribband cane I ever saw in Louisiana.

The ribband cane is sold this season at Attakapas, for seed, as it stands in the field, at 200 dolls. per acre. The ribband cane is greatly preferred, every where, to the creole or any other kind. It is larger, and makes from three to four hogheads per acre, grows farther north, and matures at least one month earlier. It is smooth without those annoying prickles on the leaves of the creole cane, and is not injured so much as the latter, by being blown down by storms, as it will ripen after it has fallen on the ground. All are trying to get the ribband cane for seed. As I believe this to be a most important subject, & the culture to be the most likely to promote the interest and prosperity of the southern part of the United States, and is so little understood, I give such details of the culture and manufacture of sugar, as my opportunity and time will permit.

The cane should be planted in a rich, dry soil, such as where the common cane grows. If the soil is wet, or subject to inundation, it should be leaved and ditched, to keep it dry. If the land has been cultivated in corn or cotton a year or two, the better, though worn out land is not good. It is ploughed deep in the fall or winter and prepared as for cotton—drills three or four feet apart. Some plant the cane as they cut it in the fall, and cover it deep, (six or eight inches,) and remove the earth in the spring, or in February, before it comes up; most persons prefer, February. The seed cane is cut before frost, as the eyes are easily injured by frost. They are put up in a kind of stack, with the buds of the stalks to the ground, and the tops leaning together all it spreads twenty or thirty feet wide, and the outside are covered with earth as far as the stalks are naked of leaves. When

it is planned the stalks are laid singly along the furrow, and capped as fast as the leaves extend beyond the joint. The stalks are about three feet long, of which 70 will plant a row across an acre, and 70 drills to the acre is 4900 stalks to the acre. When seed is scarce and you wish to raise seed only, it is planted further apart, (five or six feet.) Sometimes they cut the stalks in two between each joint, and plant the eyes or joints twelve or eighteen inches apart.—One acre will plant five or more.

The cane is a hardier plant than corn or cotton, and is not injured by spring frosts, as it does not begin to joint till May; as soon as it gets up high enough, it must be scraped and weeded like cotton with the hoe. It is not thinned. It soon gets large enough, when it shades the ground and defies the weeds, and becomes the most luxuriant crop before fall that I ever held. The rows, three feet apart, become so thick as to be difficult to get through. In June it is laid by or ceased working as corn, and you are at leisure during the summer heat, till October. If you could get seed to plant one or more acres this winter from the Mississippi, I would advise you to do so without fail; you will only regret it if you do not. Suppose you plant one acre the ensuing season; next you will plant five and the year after twenty-five, the work of six hands; but if you have twelve hands, which is nearer your force, I would advise you to get seed to plant two acres this season, and in 1830 you will have fifty acres of cane, and can in that year begin your work, and make sugar—100 or 150 hogheads worth 7 cents per lb.—\$7000 to \$10,000; and this would be the easiest work you ever did. You can go on with cotton or other business till you raise a stock of cane, with little hindrance on that account. I will now mention something of the works and process of manufacturing, and conclude this long letter.

It is easy to cultivate more cane in Attakapas, than they can manufacture. When you have as much cane as your force can save, it is time to begin the works. A mill to grind, consisting of three cast iron cylinders, fifteen inches diameter, and three feet long, iron one inch thick; these are fitted on timber, and set one end in a trough touching each other. The middle roller extends high enough to fasten to a shaft like a cotton screw and turns the other two rollers with cogs. Two or more mules will turn it and it is fed with six or eight stalks at once, which are pressed flat, joints and all, and the juice runs in a constant stream to a reservoir convenient to the kettles. Four kettles are generally used, of a size to suit the business, as it is found that the same furnace will heat four as well as one. The kettles are of cast iron, shaped like a bowl or basin, generally five or six feet across the top.

The set is one much less than the other; they are placed over a brick furnace, the largest first, into which the juice is put to skim; the least or last, called the grand or granier. They are twice filled and emptied into the grand.

The first, or largest, is called the battery, or heater; here they put about half a pint of slacked lime, each time it is filled up with juice. This is all the process of graining or liming it; when they perceive the cup in the ungrainer is boiled enough, by raising it on the bucket, two persons dip it hastily out with long handled buckets, and immediately fill it by emptying the other kettles, to keep it from burning. Each kettle from the first is placed a little higher than the other, to skim of the froth or sap into the first with a long wooden sword, and wipe it with a brush. The whiteness of the sugar depends on skimming & keeping it from burning as much as the grain or liming. When the syrup is dipped out of the grainer, it is conveyed into an adjoining room into vats or troughs, where it cools and becomes hard. It is then spaded up and put into hogheads, setting one end over a vat, into which the molasses drains out of the sugar; some stalks of cane are put into the hoghead to lead the molasses. They have greatly improved lately in Attakapas in graining sugar; they have the best specimens this season

ever made. I will mention that it is the practice to employ persons acquainted with the business, to superintend the erection of the work, and to manage it the first season. There are plenty of persons anxious for employment that way, on moderate terms.

Some send a hand to attend to the kettles for a season, to learn. All depends upon getting one acquainted with graining and managing.

You will excuse the hasty and crude manner in which this important matter is stated.

When I see you and have leisure I shall take a pleasure to explain more intelligibly. If all those who could make sugar would commence and suit the cotton business, those who could not make sugar would get a better price for their cotton. Every thing—health interest, patriotism, and sound policy are in favor of it. There is no danger of glutting the sugar market, for our country has too little cane land to supply the growing demand, which increases faster than the population. The tariff of three cents per pound is ample protection.

(Signed,) JAMES MCCOY.

BONAPARTES FAMILY.

The history of the Bonaparte family being very imperfect in Scott's life of Napoleon, it may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to peruse a brief statement in relation to those with whom the illustrious conqueror was connected. The particulars have been collected from various sources, with considerable care, and so far as they go, are believed to be substantially correct.

Charles Bonaparte, the father of Napoleon was a lawyer of considerable eminence on the island of Corsica, and died in 1795, at the age of 40 years. Eight children survived him, viz: Joseph, Napoleon, Caroline, Lucien, Eliza, Louis, Pauline and Jerome, Letitia Romilini. The mother, was a woman of great beauty, and possessed extraordinary firmness of character. She was living in Rome in 1825, though in bad health. She was very wealthy.

Joseph, Ex-king of Spain and the Indians, is a man of talents and excellent character and excellent character and exerted himself very much at the first taking of Paris by the Allies. In 1794 he was married to Maria Julia, aged 22 years, and in 1812 had two daughters. He now resides in the United States, near Burlington, New Jersey, much esteemed by all who know him. He owns 150,000 acres of land in the northern part of the State of New York, (Jefferson county) which he purchased of M. Le Ray Chaumont.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French, was first married to Josephine Beauharnois a Creolian widow and daughter of a St. Domingo planter. She was an accomplished lady. At the time of her marriage (1796) to Napoleon, she had three children, Eugene, Francis, and Hortensia. In 1810 she was repudiated by Napoleon, who soon after married Maria Louisa, daughter of Frances emperor of Austria. By Maria Louisa he had a son who was born March 20, 1814, and whom he named Napoleon. He was banished to Elba in 1815, and to St. Helena in 1815, where he died in 1821, aged 52 years.

Caroline, Was the wife of Joachim Murat, King of Naples and admiral of the French empire, by whom she had two sons and three daughters. The two sons Achille and Charles Louis Napoleon Murat, are settled in the territory of Florida. After the fall of Napoleon and Murat's expulsion from the throne of Naples, she and her husband lived in the Austrian states. After Murat's flight and assassination, (which latter event happened in 1815, on one of the Sicilian islands,) she resided in great pomp, in the lordship of Ort, but finally removed to Rome where she lived in 1825.

Lucien, Was distinguished as an orator and republican in the council of 500, of which he was president on the 18th Brumaire, and declared it dissolved. His ambition and talents were scarcely inferior to those of Napoleon, and he was the most efficient agent in the appointment of his brother chief consul. He, however, disapproved of the destruction of the republic, and would not part from



MILTON:

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1828.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Wake.—Charles L. Hinton, S. without opposition. Samuel Whitaker and Wesley Jones, C.

State of the Poll.—Senate, Hinton 618, Commons, Whitaker 1119, Jones 856, Jon Dunn 832.

Northampton.—John H. Patterson, S. Joseph S. Rogers and Roderick B. Gary, C.

Greene.—Jesse Speight, S. without opposition. James Harper and Joseph Ellis, C.

State of the Poll.—Senate, Speight 152 Commons, Harper 244, Ellis 210, Wm. Pope 175.

Chatham.—Joseph Ramsay, S. Joseph Brooks and Nathaniel G. Smith, C.

Robeson.—Archibald McEachin, S. Malcolm Purcell and Warren Alford, C.

State of the Poll.—For Senate, McEachin 332, Neill B. Johnson 266. For Commons, Purcell 561, Alford 492, Joseph Regan 383.

Franklin.—H. J. G. Ruffin, S. Wm. Branch and Richard Ward, C.

State of the Poll.—For Senate, Ruffin 214, Guilford Lewis 147. For Commons, Branch 538, Ward 454 William P. Williams 412, John D. Hawkins 286, Jesse Person 95.

Warren.—Richard Davis, S. Ransom Walker and William G. Jones, C.

Wayne.—Gabriel Sherrard, S.—John W. Sasser and James Rhodes, C.

State of the Poll.—For Senate, Thompson 362, Ruben Saunders 277. Commons, Wilder 709, Watson 650, Isaac Booth 263, William W. Nichols 66 and Kinchen Q. Adams 30.

Stokes.—Emanuel Shober Sen. without opposition. Gabriel T. Moore and Henry Martin, C.

State of the Poll.—Moore 1324, Martin 843, John Buttner 828.

Guilford.—Jonathan Parker S.—Francis L. Simpson and George C. Mendenhall, C.

State of the Poll.—Senate, Parker 641, Tho's Osmond 90. Commons, Simpson 1293, Mendenhall 1230, James Neely 1172, and Wm. McCain 460.

Meclenburg.—William Davidson, S. William J. Alexander and Joseph Blackwood, C.

State of the Poll.—Senate, Davidson 501, Michael McLeary 489, Commons Alexander 1222, Blackwood 663, John Ingram 537, and D. A. Caldwell 433.

New-Hanover.—Wm. B. Meares, S. by 180 votes majority over Thomas Devane. John Keer and Wm. S. Larkins, C.

Town of Wilmington.—John Walker, without opposition.

Rowan.—John Scott, senate; Hamilton C. Jones, and John Clement, commons.

Town of Salisbury.—Chas. Fisher, without opposition.

Cabarrus.—Lawson H. Alexander, senate; John C. Barnhart, William McLean, commons.

State of the poll: Alexander 326, Alphonso Alexander (Adams candidate) 136, for the senate: Barnhart 440, McChain 342, Geo. Ury 312, W. S. Allison 216, W. Allen 169.

Iredell.—Abner Franklin, senate; Richard Allison, Joseph M. Bogle, commons.

Davidson.—John M. Smith, senate; Thomas Hampton, Absalom Williams, commons.

State of the poll: Smith 402, Ward 325, for the senate: Hampton 546, Williams 470, Wm. W. Wiseman 461—(others not heard from.)

Cumberland.—Arch'd M'Dearmid, S. Joseph Hodges and Alexander McNeill, C.

Beaufort.—James O. K. Williams, S. without opposition. Thomas W. Blackledge and Thomas Latham, C.

State of the poll.—Blackledge 582, Latham 429, James Satterthwaite 419.

Halifax.—Isham Matthews, S. without opposition.—Rice B. Pierce

and George E. Spruill, C. State of the poll. Senate—Matthews 322. Commons—Pierce 678 Spruill 494, Richard Jones 341, William E. Webb 306.

Town of Halifax.—Jesse A. Bynum, without opposition.

Gates.—Abraham Harrell, S. W. W. Stedman and Lemuel Riddick, C.

Richmond.—Tyam M'Farland, S. Nathan Gibson and Neill Nicholson, C. State of the poll. Senate—M'Farland 290, Erasmus Love 207. Commons—Gibson 547, Nicholson 530, Neill M'Nair 308.

I must now inform the patrons of the Milton Gazette that I am under the necessity of abandoning its publication; and, for the last time, request the immediate payment of all sums due me. It has been with feelings truly painful, and with considerable reluctance, that I have come to this determination. But, for several reasons, I am compelled to seek for some stand, where I can realize something more than a bare support. To those subscribers who have been punctual in their payments, I tender my most sincere and heartfelt thanks. They alone have kept the Gazette in existence this long. To those who have paid me nothing, I can only say, that they have been "reaping where they had not sowed, and gathering where they had not strewed."

Those subscribers who have paid me for one year in advance, will please call, and have their money returned.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

We learn from the St. Augustine Herald, that the crops in all parts of the surrounding country are likely to be very plentiful—that the cotton plantations indicate an abundant gathering; and that the sugar cane will this year be a source of great profit to all who are engaged in the produce of that article.

The Arkansas Gazette mentions the execution of a man named Jacob Strickland, found guilty of the murder of George Deacon, and that he was carried to the gallows in a state of intoxication in which situation he was not only permitted to harangue the crowd, but to take two additional drinks of grog! What a disgusting spectacle.

By a careless shot at a woodpecker, made by a young lad on the 28th ult., an old negro man was unfortunately killed in Washington, N. C.

On the subject of the late difficulties at Yale College between the Students and the Faculty, the New-Haven Chronicle observes:—"Order is now restored in college, and there is little doubt that nearly all the students will return, except such as will not be re-admitted by the faculty."

A benevolent individual at New Haven, Conn. has offered to pay for the tuition in Yale College of one Hundred indigent pious students, preparing for the ministry. The price of tuition is thirty-three dollars a year; consequently the offer is three thousand and three hundred dollars a year.

Numerous Swiss emigrants remained at Havre when the Olympia sailed, waiting a passage to the United States.—All the American vessels there could have a full complement. Some months since, from eight to ten thousand were arranged to emigrate, principally from the Canton of Bern.

Two laborers in Monroe, Conn. named Booth and Coggeshall, having quarrelled while cradling oats, agreed to decide the dispute with their sickles. Booth was totally discomfited; leaving the field minus the fleshy part of one of his arms and three fingers.

The Mount Holly, (N. J.) Mirror says: We have seen a stalk of hemp measured, which is now growing in the garden of E. T. Dobbins, of this town, which measures thirteen

feet eleven inches in height, and ten inches in circumference, immediately above the surface of the ground.

Melancholy.—On Sunday last, in the western part of this County, Miss Faithy Womble, aged about forty, put an end to her existence by hanging, in a fit of despondency. She was of respectable connexions, and supported a fair character. The dreadful act appears to have been induced from an apprehension, that she would come to want or become a burthen to her friends.

Ral. Reg. of Aug. 15.

From La Guayra.—The following is an extract from a letter from J. G. A. Williamson, esq. our Consul at La Guayra to Governor Iredell, dated July 25, 1828:

"I have taken the liberty to ship to your address by the brig President for Philadelphia, a small box containing a statue bust of Gen. S. Bolivar. I consider this bust the best likeness of Gen. Bolivar I have seen, and having had frequent opportunities in his company to draw a comparison, do not hesitate to say it may be considered an extraordinary likeness."

"Within a few days we have had extraordinary doings. On Sunday morning last the leading men of the city of Caracas, declared the Liberator, President Bolivar, "Supreme Chief of Colombia," (gefesupremo;) The same thing had been previously proclaimed at Bogota and Volmira, and I have not much doubt it has been a simultaneous movement in all the principal cities of the Republic—the military influence I think at the bottom of it. Some weeks since the Ocaña Convention adjourned for some days, on account of the non-attendance of about 20 members; the rest, upwards of 50, have not proceeded to business, or endeavored to force the attendance of absent members, the former, friends to Bolivar, the latter, to Constitutional reform. Since the above declarations the Convention may be considered absolutely dissolved, and all its proceedings and original getting up has turned out a farce. Upon the present state of things and the accession of Gen. Bolivar to absolute and supreme authority, I would hardly hazard an opinion—His situation places him where he may be a scourge or a blessing. I must still say I think the change may eventuate in benefit to Colombia. To speculate on this subject at a distance, the step will no doubt be condemned, but a closer view of these people, their morals, and general ideas and great bigotry must convince every person that a pure representative government is not at all adapted to their condition."

Saratoga Springs, August 12.

The Springs.—Nearly 1000 strangers arrived in this place during the past week; and the register now exhibits 500 more names than that of last year at the same date. Should the present warm weather continue, the town will doubtless remain crowded during the present month.

Riot.—We learn from the Philadelphia papers that a serious riot took place in the Northern Liberties of that city on the evening of the 11th inst. It appears that some celebration or merry-making took off from their ordinary occupations, several persons in the neighborhood, and among them the watchman in the district near Beaver and Third Streets.—A substitute was found, who, at the proper hour, commenced his rounds. The wife of a Mr. Weldon, who resides in Third opposite Beaver street, had been for some time seriously sick, and on that evening, in consequence of the exceeding heat, requested to be placed at the front door. When Frederick, the substance watchman, came to that house, he asked of the inhabitants why the door was open. Mr. Weldon answered somewhat roughly, intimating that being in his own house, he had a right to keep what hours he chose. Some other words passed, and the watchman entered the house. Mr. Weldon's son then struck him, upon which the watchman left the House. He then sprung his rattle and called for aid, and many persons came from the neighboring taverns. Meantime, a younger son of Mr. Weldon left the

house, and notified some of the neighboring friends of the family, that his father's house was in danger, and that the lives of the whole family might probably be attempted. They soon gathered, when a battle commenced with stones and other missiles. One of the watchmen was killed, another wounded, and several of the citizens were seriously injured. Three of the rioters were apprehended and committed to prison. On the night following, the affray recommenced, when several individuals were wounded by the discharge of fire arms. The Sheriff finally put an end to the disturbance by calling to his aid a large number of civil officers and a few of the military companies.

GREAT BARGAINS

DESIROUS of selling off my stock on hand, and closing my Mercantile Concern, I offer for sale a handsome assortment of

Dry Goods,

A COST price, by the retail, for cash or on short credits. I will make very liberal deductions from cost to those who buy by the quantity, and will make the time of payment generous.

P. H. THOMAS.

N. B. I will take Hoes-wax, Tallow, Cotton or Feathers in exchange. Aug 26th, 1828

LAND FOR SALE.

I WISH to sell the Plantation, whereon I now live. It is situated on the Country Lane Creek. It contains

130 ACRES!

part of it is some of the best low grounds. The whole plantation is of the first rate fertility. The terms shall be accommodating. It is at the place called Kersey's ford on the main road from Caswell Court House to the Red House.

ALEX. KEESSEY Senr.

July 18th, 1828 12-3w.

NOTICE.

THE Surviving Officers of the Revolutionary Army, who received commutation certificates, and the Surviving non-commissioned officers and Soldiers of that Army, (not on the pension list) who received certificates for the promised reward of eighty dollars, for enlisting for the war, and continuing in the service until its termination, are requested, respectively, as soon as may be possible, to send their names, and the names of the places where their nearest post offices are kept, by letter addressed to Colonel Aaron Ogden, at the City of Washington, who will be there ready to receive them. This will supersede the necessity of appointing agents to transact the business at Treasury Department, from whence, by this means, the proper papers will be sent, free from expense, to each individual showing his right to the benefit of the act of Congress, lately passed in favor of persons of the above description.

N. B. Editors throughout the United States, are requested to give two insertions to the above notice. May 26-

DOCTORS

P. H. & E. W. THOMAS HAVE moved to their new office, next door to Mr. Watkins' store, where they have lately received and offer for sale an extensive supply of genuine articles, comprising every thing belonging to their line of business; among which are the following articles:

Calomel and Tartar Epsom and G-Salts Rochelle do Sub. Carb. Soda. Tartaric acid. Quinine Ether, Cubebs Spirit's Nitre, Sulphur Balsom Copaiba. Aloes Assafetida Nitric & Sulph. acids Aqua Fortis, Nitre Indigo and Madder Starch Copraes Jalap and Rhubarb Oil of Turpentine Linseed & Sweet Oil Borax, Gamboe Carb & Calc. Magnes Oil of Croton, Cinnamon, Cloves, Juniper, Annise & Wormseed Adhesive Plaster Pine Apple & Lemon Syrrups Lamps Muricatic acid Limejuice & Opium Scammony & Paregoric Black chop. & Land Coriand. & Card seed Blue & White Venice Red & White Vermilion Quicksilver & Mercury Glass & Copal varnish Harlequin & Turpentine Gold Leaf & Scrim

Together with a large assortment of Patent Medicines, Paints, dyes and grouts, oil Window Glass of assorted sizes, Surgical Instruments, Dye Stuffs and Apothecaries Glass.

To which we invite the attention of Physicians, Merchants and our friends generally. June 7. 7-12m.

Facts are Stubborn Things.

ITS A fact, that if delinquents owe a Milton Tanyard, does not come forward immediately, and pay the Subscriber, or close their accounts by Bond, they will indisputably be placed in the hands of an Officer. Archibald Willson or myself has the accounts for settlement.

CHARLES WILLSON.

July 10, 1828. 11-3w

LOST.

BETWEEN Mr. Alexander Cunningham's Store and Milton, a bond on William Lyon, a bond on William Dix, a bond on John Ross & Co. and several other Papers, all of which are of no value to any one but the undersigned. Any person who may have found them will receive a reasonable reward by depositing them with Mr. John Ragland at Milton.

E. HUNT.

July 1st, 1828 9-5w

STRAYED or Stolen from the Subscriber near Milton, some weeks past a handsome bay filly by Sir William, three years old. No other distinguishing mark now recollected but one white foot behind. A liberal reward will be given for her apprehension so that I get her again. Any information respecting the colt will be gratefully acknowledged by the undersigned.

JOHN T. GARLAND.

his beautiful and affectionate wife to further and promote the views of Napoleon. He therefore displeased him and was not restored to his favor till after his return from Elba. He refused the throne of Spain which was offered to him. He wrote an epic poem on Charlemagne. In 1825 he lived in great splendor at Rome, where he had been a senator. His son Charles Lucien Bonaparte, the author of the continuation of Wilson's Ornithology, lives in the United States. His son Paul was accidentally killed on board the Greek frigate Hellas, in 1827.

Eliza.—Grand Dutches of Tuscany, a woman of powerful intellect and masculine character, and had many admirers. She was married to Felix, prince of Lucca, and had one daughter. She died at Trieste in 1820, aged 49 years.

King of Holland, married Hortensia Beauharnois, daughter of Napoleon's first wife. He was a man of unpretending worth and abdicated his throne in favor of his son rather than oppress his subjects. After Napoleon's banishment to St. Helena, he went to Rome, where he lived in 1825, in great magnificence.

Pauline. Was first married to Le Clere, Commander in Chief of the expedition to St. Domingo, where he died of the yellow fever. She subsequently married Prince Borghese, Duke of Gualstala.—She was Napoleon's favorite sister and was the most beautiful woman in France and perhaps in Europe. She visited Napoleon while at Elba and assisted him in his escape. In 1825, Pauline died immensely rich—among the other bequests, gave 20,000 francs to the son of Jerome by his first wife. Prince Borghese is now a wanderer in France or England.

Jerome.—Was first married to Miss Patterson of Baltimore, Md. a lady of beauty and accomplishments, and by this marriage incurred the displeasure of Napoleon. By the incessant importunities of his brother, he at length separated himself from her and married the princess royal of Wurtemberg. After his brother's fall, he lived a while at Trieste, afterwards near Vienna, and finally settled at Rome, where he resided in 1826. He had son by his wife.

Eugene Beauharnois.—Viceroy of Italy, &c. and son of the first wife of Napoleon, married the princess, Augustine Amelia, of Bavaria, and had one son and two daughters. He was a man of talents, probity and honor, and great military skill. Being a particular favorite of Napoleon, he rewarded him with the highest military promotions. After the restoration of Louis and the abdication of Napoleon, he retired to private life and lived at Munich, the capital of Bavaria. His income was \$2,500,000 a year. He died in 1823, universally lamented.

Remarkable Accident.—Mr. Thomas McClellent, of Ware Village, (Mass.) last week became the victim of a most singular accident. Being engaged in conversation with a friend in a store, he raised his foot to rest it upon a low platform, where a scythe lately sharpened had been just placed against the wall in a leaning position. Unfortunately his foot came in contact with the projecting heel of the scythe, the instrument was thus thrown forward, and in descending, the point passed across the throat, making a deep cut, and completely severing the jugular vein. Medical aid was procured, but proved ineffectual, and the unfortunate man survived this remarkable accident but a short time.

Shocking instance of Suicide.

We are informed by a correspondent, that Juo. N. Straton, Esq. formerly a Delegate from one of the counties on the Eastern Shore, in Virginia, to the Legislature of that State, hung himself on Saturday, 26th ult. The cause is not assigned—and, on the Saturday following, 2nd inst. Henry Tazewell, of Norfolk, his cousin, son of the Hon. L. W. Tazewell, shot himself with a pistol, near the same place, and expired almost instantly. Failing to secure the affections of a young lady, is the cause assigned for the commission of the act by the latter.

Balt. Chronicle.

Attention that it is by persons acquainted with the work, and season. There is anxious for, on moderate

to attend to the to learn. All one acquainted anaging. the hasty and ch this impor-

and have leisure assure to ex-y. If all those ar would com-otton business, ot make sugar price for their health inter-sound policy There is no dan-gar market, for little cane land g demand, which the population. nts per pound is

ES MCCOY.

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"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

The following beautiful lines were presented to the daughter of General Brown, by a distinguished gentleman.

Lady! thy wish shall have its way,
I wake the slumbering harp again,
At thy command—and tho' the lay
Be grave—in no unkindly strain.
Would that its notes, tho' rude and wild,
Might soothe a hero's orphan child!

Thy morn of life, has been o'ercoast,
With sorrow's gloom, and thy young heart
Must weep, in mem'ry of the past,
Of the lov'd sire, whose mortal part,
Victim of death's relentless doom,
Sleeps in the silence of the tomb.

In mem'ry too, of visions gone,
Of hopes, that blom'd but to deceive,
Domestic joys for ever flown,
With kindred hearts 'tis thine to grieve;
Commencing tears with them to share,
The agony, thou canst bear.

But cheer the Lady! 'Mid this gloom,
There breaks upon my vision's sight,
E'en from the confines of the tomb,
Where sleeps thy sire—a beam of light:
The light of him whose pow'r to save
Pervades the darkness of the grave.

To him in youth's own accents mild,
Let thy young heart direct its prayer,
A gallant soldier's orphan child
Sues not in vain, for mercy there;
Peace to thy bosom, it shall prove
The rich reward of filial love.

The chivalry, which grac'd thy sire,
A grateful nation shall proclaim;
His orphan boys shall catch the fire,
Which gave his name, to deathless fame;
Thy widow'd parent too, shall feel,
That He who strikes, has pow'r to heal.

Now fare thee well! That thou may'st know,
The purest bliss to mortal giv'n,
And all thine hours serenely flow,
My fervent prayer ascends to Heaven;
An humble offering at the shrine,
Of sympathy for woes like thine.

THE DAISY.

BY JOHN EMMETT GOOD, M. D.
Not words on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear

For who but he that arch'd the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem;
Its fringed border nicely spin;
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within?

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert soil,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God.

THE SMUGGLER.

I shall never forget that man!—his tall and graceful form—his dark and manly countenance, seem even now before me. There was much in his proud bosom of a nobler nature—lofty and honorable feelings, which, had their direction been rightly given, might have made him an honor and ornament to humanity. As it was, those evidences of mind not wholly lost to virtue, appeared in the midst of his dark depravity like the green tracts of vegetation which are sometimes seen in the midst of a cheerless desert, and which appear greener and brighter when contrasted with the surrounding desolation.

It was during a morning's ramble, that I met the unfortunate Smuggler for the last time. A of his once formidable band had deserted him, or had been delivered up to justice, and he was now alone. I found him leaning against an oak, with his eyes fixed on the broad lake before him. I had seen him many times before when excited with pleasure or boiling with passions; but he was now calm—fearfully calm. Every feature of his moveless, yet speaking countenance, seemed written with unheard of misery. I had heard much of evil against him. I had seen much of his wickedness, yet at that moment, from my heart I pitied him. He started at my nearer approach—a fierce expression gathered on his countenance, and instinctively he laid his hand on his pistol. He withdrew it how-

ever, the moment he recognized me. "Well, young man," he said, "do you too seek the life of this miserable Smuggler?" "no! no!" he continued as if recollecting himself. "You have nothing to do with the accursed crew—you have no part with those licensed plunderers, who, under the specious pretence of maintaining the cause of justice, are themselves the most hardened villains on earth."

Having disavowed all hostile intentions towards him, I advised him to leave the place immediately, as I had just passed a band of armed men who had volunteered their services to assist in his detection, and I assured him that I had not the least doubt but that they would soon make their appearance.

"And let them come!" he exclaimed with thrilling vehemence—"I have nothing now to live for—Young man! he said, grasping my arm and fixing on me a look of fearful earnestness—have you heard of the death of my latest followers?"

"I have." "It was a deed of hell," returned the smuggler,—"but it has been revenged—the murderer and the murdered have ere now been confronted together at the bar of eternal justice—I repeat it, I have nothing now to live for. The murder of my Marion, has severed the last tie that linked me to humanity."

"What mean you?" I exclaimed with astonishment,—"surely your wife was not the victim." "Would it were a dream," cried the miserable man, burying his face in his hands as if to shut out the horrible images which seemed thronged before him,—"would to heaven if were any thing but reality—but look!" he continued in a voice husky with horror, while he pointed to some dark spots on the rocks before us—here is the stain of her life blood now!"

I shuddered at the evidence, and a groan burst as it were from the very heart of the smuggler. The sound of footsteps came down the glen and voices were distinctly heard—"They come!" said the smuggler, and the next moment his pursuers appeared emerging from the wood at a little distance.

"Surrender yourself!" said the leader of the band, advancing towards him, "down with your arms, and surrender, or you are a dead man!"

"Villains! I know ye!" said the smuggler, grasping his pistol. "Approach on your peril." "For God's sake do not resist," I exclaimed, "yield and you may yet find mercy."

"Mercy!" repeated the desperate man, and his swarthy features grew darker as he spoke, "am I to look for mercy from the murderers of my wife?"

I started from his side, and explored the party to spare one, whose miseries had driven him to desperation. They answered only by lowering looks, and presenting their rifles, they called out once more to their object, to yield himself a prisoner.

The smuggler answered by the discharge of his pistols. Never shall I forget the horrible expression of rage and disappointment which distorted his features on finding he had missed his aim—He uttered one demoniac cry—one fierce yell of impotent defiance, and rushed furiously towards his assailants. He was received with a simultaneous discharge and fell mangled with a dozen rifle balls.

Years have passed over me since that moment—gay scenes have occupied my mind, & cares and sorrows of my own have dimmed and blunted the sensibilities of my heart; yet even at this period, the recollection of the Smuggler's fate draws a sigh from my bosom, and an involuntary tear is paid to his memory.

Julia Brace—The last Hartford Times, contains an account of this young lady, who is an inmate of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, in that place. Julia Brace was born Deaf, Dumb and Blind, being but the second instance ever recorded, of so great misfortune. Of a temper sweet and docile, she began early to display a degree of sagacity not always to be found in those who are endowed with the senses. Her parents being poor she was removed to the Asylum, where she is treated with great tenderness. Although cut off as it would seem from every

source of information, she is very industrious, and constantly employed. She makes beautiful counterpanes, and in threading her needle, seems chiefly guided by an application of the tongue. In the summer of 1826, we saw this young lady—she was engaged at work upon a pair of Prunelle Shoes, and specimens were exhibited, that would have done credit to the most skillful and experienced workman. It cannot be supposed that she has any idea of the computation of time, yet she manifests a sacred observance of the Sabbath; on that day lays aside her work, and appears engrossed with the most serious reflection. Many little anecdotes are related in the Times, which show incredible extent of her intelligence, and appear to settle the long contested point, that ideas are innate.

Geo. Harvest.

We understand from some of our South Carolina friends, that at the opening of the Court at Abbeville, the Judge appeared and took the bench in a full suit of homespun—we hope the Judges of our own State may follow this laudable and patriotic example.

Nothing tends more to render a people respectable, independent and wealthy, than to live as much as possible within themselves, and keep their money at home to pay their debts and encourage one another, and nothing can give an impetus to such a happy and desirable era, at this time, in the cotton growing States, like that of our rulers and head men setting the example.

Geo. Constitutionalist.

What do you know about it.—My uncle was a particular man, he had been in the fierce contest of our Revolution, and had followed the standard of Wayne in the Indian expedition—accordingly, with all his queerness he was a most interesting old soldier. I remember well, how we little folks used to hang around him, as behind the old stove, on winter evenings, he recounted, perhaps for the hundredth time, the scenes of war. The old man is gone—he died a Christian soldier. One lesson I learnt from him which I shall never forget—never to utter about men, or matters of life, what I do not personally know. He was a bitter enemy to the Hessian family. One question settled the matter with him—"What do you know about it?" His plan was, to believe nothing for which the retailer would not consent to be responsible. Would it not be of vast importance to society if every man would think of this question. "What do you know about it?" How much scandal would be saved; how many dark surmises, how many unkind suspicions, would be choked in their birth. If we would live comfortably in this tell-tale world, we must practice on the old gentleman's rule.

The daily increasing size of the city of London and its dependencies, requires that some new means of exercise should be afforded to those persons who live in the central divisions of it. All the fields and waste grounds—west, north, and south—which used to be crowded every afternoon with cricket and foot ball players, even so recently as 20 years ago, are now built over, covered with streets and squares; the Marylebone fields, which furnished means of recreation to thousands, are shut up under the title of the Regent's Park; and a man living now at the Mechanic's institute in Southampton-buildings, would have two miles to walk, in the readiest direction, before he could put his foot upon turf ground; being then probably only upon sufferance in the Royal demesne, and having to take care where he treads, lest he should be sent to Bridewell as a trespasser. The natural result is, that a mechanic, when his work is done, adjourns to some public house to set over a game at "dominoes," or lose his day's wages in a smoky skittle-shed, when if he had the opportunity of meeting his shopmates and comrades in any open, active, and inspiring diversion, the sport, for its own sake, would be amusements enough, and the unwholesome excitements of gin and gambling might be dispensed with.—London paper.

Ladies wanted.—A paper printed in the state of Alabama speaks of

a most deplorable and alarming scarcity of young ladies. Every respectable female, native or stranger, found there, is, as soon as possible, hurried to the hymenial altar. The young men are as one hundred to one of the young ladies! Whether the cottons or broadcloth are frowned upon or not, the ladies are always welcomed with smiles.—They shall have protection forever.

A little girl was lately brought home from a school in England, in a state of frenzy, brought on by being put in a dark closet; a brain fever ensued, which soon ended in her death.

Out of three of the best things, three of the worst arise—from truth, hatred; from familiarity, contempt; from happiness envy.—Plutarch.

Some have been thought brave, because they were afraid to run away.

Married, in England, Mr. Thomas Ginn, aged 71, to Miss Amelia Spruce, aged 18! This is what we call a marriage extraordinary, and if we may exercise a little wit, we should say:

Hymen, one day, got drunk on Ginn,
The gods sometimes miscarry;
Nor did he think it a great sin,
That Ginn with Spruce should marry.

When Ginn is old, the toppers say,
'Tis fittest the best for use;
But Ginn was curious in his way,
And tasted new made Spruce!

WOOL CARDING.

THE subscribers have erected a Wool Carding Machine at their Mill on Country Line Creek, three miles above Milton. The wool should be washed and freed from all hard substances, and greased with about one pound of lard to every twelve pounds of wool. The lard should be as free from salt as possible. They will insure to card as well as any Machine in this section of the country. Price for carding will be 8 cents per pound, or one fifth part of the wool. It will be necessary to send sheets or cloths of some kind to wrap the rolls in when carded.

Our machine is built upon the plan of the single Cylinder, which being less complicated than a double Cylinder, card infinitely better and less liable to get out of order in carding, which very often happens with the double Cylinder and spoils the wool. The undersigned flatter themselves with a hope of pleasing all who may favour them with their custom. Their general knowledge of machinery will enable them to keep their machine in good order, as one or the other of them will always be at the mill during the carding season. Our machine is now in complete operation, and warm weather is best for carding wool. It would be advisable to send in the wool as early as possible.

R. & J. YARBROUGH.
Caswell co. June 16th. 1828. 6-3m

Sherwood Green Warren County, North Carolina. In Equi. Williams & R. C. Williams.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Robert Payne one of the Defendants in his case is not an inhabitant of this State; it is ordered by the Court that publication be made for six weeks successively in the Milton Gazette, notifying said defendant that unless he appear at the next Court of Equity to be held for the County of Warren at the Court House in Warrenton on the 3rd Monday after the 4th Monday in Sept. next, and plead, answer, or deny, the Complainant's Bill he will be taken pro confesso as to him.

TEST.
JOHN BRAGG—C. M. E.

NOTICE.
ALL those indebted to the late firm of A. Thomas & Williams, are requested to come forward & make immediate settlement, either by note or otherwise.

Milton July 21, 1828. 43-3w

WARRENTON FALL RACES.

A meeting of the Warrenton Jockey Club at Johnson's Tavern, on the 1st of August, inst. present John C. Green, Peter R. Davis, Stephen Davis, Peter Mitchell, John Bellamy & Thomas G. Johnson.

Joe C. Green was called to the chair and James Somervell appointed Secretary pro tem. On motion Thos. G. Johnson is appointed Treasurer and Secretary in the absence of M. W. Dunnivant.

On motion Resolved, that the Fall Meeting commence on Monday the 15th September, and continue 3 days.

First Day—A sweepstake for 3 year olds—Entrance \$100 each, half forfeit, to be closed on the 15th September.

Second Day—A purse of \$200, first choice of Jockey Club tickets, 2 mile heats, entrance to subscribers \$10, to non-subscribers \$20.—Free for any horse, &c.

Third Day—A purse for the balance of the Jockey Club subscription, \$100 in money, to be added by the proprietor, mile heats the best three in five—Entrance to subscribers \$10 to non subscribers \$20—Free for any horse, &c. but the winner of the previous day.

THOS. G. JOHNSON, Pro's.

A BALE
WILL be furnished at the Exchange Coffee House, on the evenings of the 2nd and 3rd day's Race.

Milton Female Academy.

THE exercises of the Female Academy in Milton will be resumed on the 15 July. Board can be obtained for pupils in respectable families for \$35 per session.

June 17. 7-1f.

A CAUTION.

QUACKERY & SWINDLING.

A PERSON calling himself Doctor Arthur B. Relf, came to this neighborhood some time in December last from North Carolina, with an intention, as he expressed himself, of practicing medicine. From his inquiries, he appeared desirous of locating himself in a section of the country, where, (to use his own phrase) he might meet with a liberal share of the public patronage. The merchants, and a number in the vicinity of Chariton, giving credence to his plausible sales and pretended ability of meeting engagements, extended to him indulgence and hospitality unusual under similar circumstances, and gave him credit to a considerable amount. After exhausting the credulity and credit of the merchants, tailors, shoemakers &c. he commenced his game with the unsuspecting farmers, in the form of "borrowing for a day or so," or "for a short trip," such articles as were loanable, and forthwith decamped, (under security of night,) about two weeks since—leaving, not as the poet says "no trace behind," but no clue to his retreat. He will probably seek out some other place of abode, where he will reside long enough to abuse the confidence of such as are willing to treat strangers with hospitality, when he will again play off the same game of swindling and imposition.

Thomas S. Frazer, and Benjamin F. Folger the former a farmer, (but claiming some knowledge of carriage making,) the latter a shoemaker, came to this neighborhood from North Carolina, (where they were formerly acquainted with Dr. Relf,) some time last summer. The former had, by contract, obligated himself to labor for twelve months for a citizen in the neighborhood, and from his apparent steadiness, industry, and honesty had acquired some credit, upon which he purchased goods, wearing apparel, &c. &c. to a considerable amount.—The latter bought a number of articles and borrowed many others, which it seems he intended neither paying for nor returning, and both decamped in company with Dr. Relf.

Doctor R. is about 24 or 25 years old, 5 feet 11 inches high—slender make, light complexion, blue eyes, and fond of dress. Thomas S. Frazer, is about 32 years old 5 feet 7 inches high—thick set, light complexion in health, but inclined to be sallow, hazel eyes, and quite reserved in conversation. Benjamin F. Folger, is about 31 years old—5 feet 7 inches high, dark eyes and rather dark complexion, and may claim some knowledge of medicine, having read some few Medical books since his arrival in this neighborhood.

* Editors of newspapers, (U. S. Telegram and papers of N. C. particularly who look indignantly upon transactions of this kind, will confer a public favor by giving the above one or two insertions.

CITIZENS OF CHARITON.
Chariton, Mo. April 20th, 1828.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of Farley & Thomas is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to the late concern are requested to come forward and settle their accounts, either by bond or otherwise. All those having claims against the late concern are requested to present them to Jacob Thomas or his agent for settlement.

JAMES FARLEY,
JACOB THOMAS,
Pittsylvania, co. Va. }
July 7th, 1828. 41-

Hillsborough, July 8th, 1828.

THE HORSE

NORTH CAROLINIAN,
Will stand the FALL SEASON at my stable in the town of Hillsborough. The season commenced the 4th July instant.

JOSIAH TURVER. 41-1a

FISH.

I HAVE on hand a number of barrels of good sound herrings, which I will sell low for cash.

JOSEPH M-DOWELL.

VALUABLE HYCO LAND

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber is anxious to dispose of a valuable tract of land, lying on Hyco river, in the county of Halifax, Va. adjoining the lands of Mr. Roger Atkinson, Benjamin Adams and others. It contains

1200 ACRES.

Five Hundred of which are in woods, one hundred of first rate low grounds, fifty of which have never been cleared. The whole of this tract was originally a good Tobacco land as any in Virginia, and, with proper management, might be restored to its former fertility. The Hyco lands, generally, are considered better adapted to the production of tobacco and corn than any other lands in the state. There are several excellent springs on this tract, and eligible situations for a dwelling house. A further description is deemed unnecessary, as it is presumed that those wishing to purchase, will first view the lands, which may be seen in the absence of the subscriber, by application to Dr. Thomas P. Atkinson, Mr. Anthony Green or Mr. Wm. Bailey, who reside near the place. If this land is not disposed of privately before the 20th of January, 1829, (of which notice will be given,) it will, on that day, be sold to the highest bidder. The terms are, 2000 dollars in hand, the balance in two equal annual payments—the purchaser to give bond with approved security, and a Deed of Trust upon the Land, (if required,) to secure the payments.

ROGER P. ATKINSON.
Halifax co. Va. Aug. 8, 1828. 15-1da.

MILTON RACES.

THE races over this course will commence on Wednesday, the 24th September next.

First Day—A race for three year old colts—mile heats—Fifty Dollars entrance—Four entered. Subscription to remain open until the evening before the Race.

Second Day—For the Proprietor's Purse, \$200—mile heats—best three in five.

Third Day—For the Jockey Club Purse, \$300—Cash hung up and without discount—two mile heats—free for any thing.

The Proprietor has added to his stables—will have good fare, and anticipates fine sport.

THOMAS MITCHELL, Proprietor.
August 2nd, 1828.